

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF

FEAR



NO. 13  
JUNE



10¢

FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

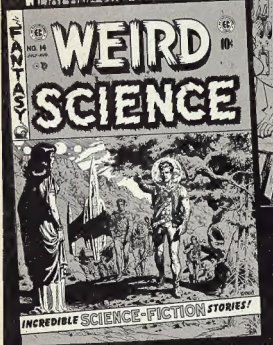


GHASTLY

# IF YOU LIKE THE TALES IN THIS MAGAZINE ...



BE SURE TO READ THE LATEST EXCITING YARNS ALWAYS  
FOUND IN THESE OTHER "NEW TREND" E-C COMICS!



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# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! I SEE BY YOUR FLUSHED FACES THAT YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE *MORSELS OF MADNESS, CRAZILY CONCOCTED BY ME, THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* WELL, THE FIRE UNDER MY CAULDRON IS LIT, AND THE *REVOLTING RECIPE IS READY FOR RETCHING!* SO COME IN, DEAR FIENDS, AND SIT DOWN BESIDE ME! DON YOUR *DRIBBLE-CUPS*, KNOT YOUR *NAPKINS* ABOUT YOUR NECKS, AND I'LL DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY *TASTY TALES OF TERROR!* I CALL THIS *MORBID MOUTHFUL...*

## FOR THE LOVE OF DEATH!





FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES, MORTON PACED THE FLOOR NERVOUSLY, WAITING FOR THE FAMILIAR SOUND OF THE NEWSPAPER LANDING ON THE FRONT PORCH...



NEXT TIME THAT BRAT COMES FOR HIS MONEY, I'LL TELL HIM A THING OR TWO! HE...

THE DULL THUD OUTSIDE HALTED MR. MACAWBER'S RAVING! HE DARTED TO THE WINDOW AND PEERED OUT ANXIOUSLY! A SMALL BOY ON A BICYCLE PEDaled OFF DOWN THE STREET...



IT'S HIM! HE'S BEEN HERE! IT'S ABOUT TIME!

MORTON FLUNG OPEN THE FRONT DOOR AND RUSHED OUT TO THE FOLDED PAPER LYING ON THE WEATHERBEATEN PORCH...



PLEASE...PLEASE LET THERE BE ONE...PLEASE...

BACK INTO THE HOUSE THE WILD-EYED MAN SCURRED, CLUTCHING THE PAPER TO HIS CHEST...



THERE WASN'T ONE YESTERDAY, OR THE DAY BEFORE! TWO WHOLE DAYS WITHOUT ONE! THERE HAS TO BE ONE TODAY! PLEASE!

FEVERISHLY, MR. MACAWBER UNFOLDED THE PAPER AND BEGAN FLINGING THE UNWANTED SECTIONS TO THE FLOOR...



WORLD NEWS, BAH! LOCAL NEWS, PHEW! FINANCIAL! REAL ESTATE! AH! HERE IT IS! OBITUARIES...!

MORTON'S GLANCE SPED UP AND DOWN THE OBITUARY COLUMN! SUDDENLY, HIS SOMBER COUNTENANCE EXPLODED IN A LEERING GRIN...



THERE IS ONE! THERE'S A FUNERAL TODAY!

HAPPINESS...SHEER ECSTASY...SHOWED ON MORTON'S FACE AS HE READ THE DETAILS...



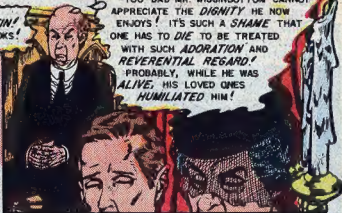
'ABNER P. WIGGINSBOTTOM, BELOVED HUSBAND AND FATHER, PASSED AWAY...SO AND SO...SUCH AND SUCH...OH! HERE! SERVICES WILL BE HELD AT THE TERMINAL FUNERAL PARLOR AT 1.P.M. TODAY!' LET'S SEE! IT'S 12:15 NOW! I CAN STILL MAKE IT!

MORTON WHISTLED A CHEERFUL LITTLE TUNE AS HE DRESSED HURRIEDLY IN HIS BLACK SUIT! IT WAS JUST 1 P.M. WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE TERMINAL FUNERAL PARLOR! HE JOINED THE LINE OF MOURNERS THAT WERE PASSING BEFORE THE OPEN CASKET...

AFTER PAYING HIS RESPECTS TO THE DEAD MR. WIGGINBOTTOM, MORTON TOOK A SEAT AT THE REAR OF THE CHAPEL AND AWAITED THE SERVICES...



WHAT AN EXQUISITE COFFIN!  
HOW NICE THE DECEASED LOOKS!  
MY...A SATIN LINING!



TOO BAD MR. WIGGINBOTTOM CANNOT APPRECIATE THE DIGNITY HE NOW ENJOYS! IT'S SUCH A SHAME THAT ONE HAS TO DIE TO BE TREATED WITH SUCH ADORATION AND REVERENTIAL REGARD! PROBABLY, WHILE HE WAS ALIVE, HIS LOVED ONES HUMILIATED HIM!

A TEAR STOLE OUT OF THE CORNER OF ONE OF MR. MACAWBER'S EYES AND DRIBBLED DOWN HIS CHEEK AS HE LISTENED TO MR. WIGGINBOTTOM'S FUNERAL ORATION...

...BUT HE LEAVES BEHIND THE WARMTH, THE LOVE, THE KINDNESS HE SO UNSELFISHLY GAVE TO ALL WHO CROSSED HIS PATH OF LIFE! IN CONCLUSION,

ABNER SOUNDS LIKE HE WAS SUCH A GOOD MAN!



AFTER THE FUNERAL SERVICES, MORTON FOLLOWED A SMALL GROUP TO ONE OF THE WAITING CARS! ALL THE WAY TO THE CEMETERY HE STUDIED THE OTHER SOBBING PASSENGERS...

NOW THAT HE'S DEAD, THEY MOURN HIM! THEIR TEARS FALL FOR HIM...



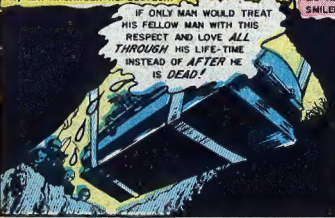
WHEN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION REACHED THE CEMETERY, MORTON FOLLOWED THE OTHERS TO THE OPEN YAWNING GRAVE...

THIS IS THE ONE TIME IN A PERSON'S EXISTENCE WHEN HIS EVILS ARE FORGOTTEN AND HIS VIRTUES ARE EXTOLLED, EULOGIZED!



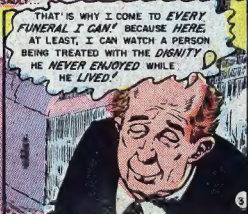
AS THE COFFIN WAS LOWERED SLOWLY INTO THE BLACK PIT, MR. MACAWBER REFLECTED...

IF ONLY MAN WOULD TREAT HIS FELLOW MAN WITH THIS RESPECT AND LOVE ALL THROUGH HIS LIFE-TIME INSTEAD OF AFTER HE IS DEAD!



THEN THE RICH BLACK SOIL RESOUNDED ON THE COFFIN-LID AS THE GRAVE WAS FILLED! MORTON MACAWBER SMILED SADLY...

THAT'S WHY I COME TO EVERY FUNERAL I CAN! BECAUSE HERE, AT LEAST, I CAN WATCH A PERSON BEING TREATED WITH THE DIGNITY HE NEVER ENJOYED WHILE HE LIVED!



AFTER THE GRAVE WAS COVERED AND THE OTHER MOURNERS HAD DEPARTED, MR. MACAWBER STROLLED AMONG THE GRAVESTONES, READING THE INSCRIPTIONS AND THE EPITAPHS ETCHED IN THEM...

'FENWICK APPELEY!' AH! I REMEMBER HIS FUNERAL! IT WAS SO STATELY! AND... 'MATILDA NICKELBURY!' THERE WAS A FINAL HOMAGE!

AH, MATILDA! WHAT A FUNERAL YOU HAD! BEAUTIFUL! JUST BEAUTIFUL! AND YOU, FENWICK! TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T APPRECIATE THE SPLENDOR OF YOUR FINAL RITES! AND YOU, ALDIOUS... FANNY... ABNER...



TOO BAD ALL OF YOU COULDN'T EXPERIENCE THE DIGNITY AND SOLEMNITY YOU RECEIVED!



AS FOR MYSELF... I AM ALONE IN THE WORLD! MY FUNERAL WILL NEVER HAVE SUCH POMF... SUCH LAVISHNESS AS YOURS HAD! OH... IF IT WERE ONLY POSSIBLE FOR ME TO ENJOY IT... JUST ONCE...



...GULP... BUT... WHY NOT?



MORTON MACAWBER WALKED ALL THE WAY HOME FROM THE CEMETERY THAT NIGHT... FORMULATING HIS PLANS...



'PHINEAS WINKLESON! HE'S THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN! HIS FUNERAL WOULD REALLY BE SOMETHING!

AND I'D KNOW HOW IT FEELS... EVERY MOMENT OF IT! THE LYING IN STATE... THE FUNERAL ORATION, THE SOLEMN RIDE IN THE FLOWER-BEDECKED HEARSE... THE LOWERING OF THE COFFIN INTO THE GRAVE... EVERYTHING! IT WOULD BE HAPPENING TO ME!





HEE, HEE! NUTTY AS A FRUIT-CAKE, THIS MORTY-BOY, EH, KIDDIES! DID YOU EVER WANT TO KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE THE STAR ATTRACTION AT A FUNERAL? WELL! IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE! LET'S GOON AND SEE WHAT MORBID MAGAWBER HAS IN MIND!

THAT NIGHT, MORTON CUT THE OBITUARY NOTICE OF THE FUNERAL HE'D ATTENDED THAT DAY FROM THE NEWSPAPER AND PASTED IT IN HIS SCRAPBOOK...

HMMM! NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND NINE! NOT BAD...FOR ONLY TWO YEARS...

YEP! THIS GREEP'S BEEN WATCHIN' THE 'OBITS' AND ATTENDING FUNERALS FOR TWO YEARS! NOW HE'S SET ON SEEING HOW IT ACTUALLY FEELS... INSTEAD OF JUST WATCHIN'! AFTER FINISHING THE SCRAP-BOOK PASTING, MORTON WENT INTO THE KITCHEN...

I'LL HAVE TO FOREGO THE OPEN-COFFIN CEREMONY FOR THE SAKE OF SAFETY! THIS KNIFE WILL DO NIGELY!

LATER THAT NIGHT, MORTON CROUCHED IN THE BUSHES OUTSIDE THE WINKLESON MANSION...

OLD PHINEAS ALWAYS TAKES HIS CONSTITUTIONAL BEFORE RETIRING! I'VE SEEN HIM SO MANY TIMES! AH! HERE HE COMES NOW!

OLD PHINEAS CERTAINLY WAS SURPRISED WHEN MORTY SPRANG FROM THE BUSHES! WHY, YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED HIM OVER WITH A FEATHER! MORTY USED THE KNIFE...

AAARRRRGGHHHH!

IN FACT HE USED IT A GREAT DEAL! HE PRACTICALLY DEFAÇED PHINEAS...

SORRY...MR. WINKLESON...BUT I MUST MAKE SURE YOUR FAMILY REQUESTS A CLOSED-COFFIN CEREMONY...

WHEN MR. MAGAWBER LEFT MR. WINKLESON, THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT! EVEN AN EXPERT UNDERTAKER DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...



THE NEXT DAY, MORTON READ OF MR. WINKLE-  
BOTTOM'S UNTIMELY DEMISE IN THE NEWSPAPER!  
THE OBITUARY COLUMN CARRIED THE INFORMATION  
HE NEEDED.

HERE IT IS! 'SERVICES WILL BE HELD  
AT THE APODOSIS FUNERAL PARLOR AT  
NOON TOMORROW'!



MORTON PROCEEDED WITH FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS...

I'LL PAY YOU FIFTY DOLLARS.  
AMOS! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STAY  
OUTSIDE THE FUNERAL PARLOR...  
FOLLOW THE PROCESSION...SEE  
WHERE THEY BURY OLD PHINEAS...  
AND COME AND DIG HIM UP...

DIG HIM UP?  
I DUNNO! FIFTY  
DOLLARS, HUH?  
THAT SURE IS A  
LOT OF MONEY!



YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO OPEN THE  
COFFIN, AMOS!  
JUST UNCOVER  
IT!

GONNA ROB  
THE GOLD  
FROM HIS  
TEETH, EH,  
MR. MACAWBER?

NOTHING LIKE  
THAT!

OKAY! OKAY!  
DON'T GET SORE!



YOU WON'T FAIL  
ME NOW, AMOS?

DON'T WORRY,  
MR. MACAWBER!  
I'LL DO IT!



LATE THAT NIGHT, MORTON PRIED OPEN THE REAR  
WINDOW OF THE APODOSIS FUNERAL PARLOR...

THERE! THAT WAS  
EASY!

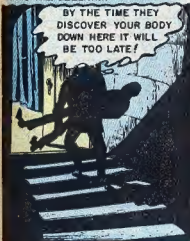


AFTER SOME INVESTIGATING, MORTON FOUND OLD  
PHINEAS'S COFFIN...

AH! HERE YOU ARE, MR. WINKLESON! COME  
NOW! I'M TAKING YOUR PLACE! YOU'LL NEVER  
MISS ANYTHING...AND YOUR FUNERAL WILL MEAN  
SO MUCH TO ME!

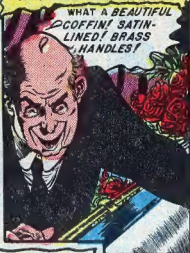


MORTON LIFTED MR. WINKLESON'S BODY FROM THE CASKET AND CARRIED IT TO THE CELLAR...



BY THE TIME THEY DISCOVER YOUR BODY DOWN HERE IT WILL BE TOO LATE!

HIDING THE BODY CAREFULLY AMIDST THE CELLAR'S TRASH, MORTON RETURNED UPSTAIRS...



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL COFFIN! SATIN-LINED! BRASS HANDLES!

MORTON CLIMBED INTO THE COFFIN AND CLOSED THE LID...



I'M FINALLY GOING TO KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO HAVE A LUXURIOUS FUNERAL...

MORTON LAY IN PHINEAS'S CASKET ALL THAT NIGHT AND THROUGH THE MORNING, DRINKING IN THE SOLEMNITY OF THE SITUATION! HE REVELED IN ITS PLUSH INTERIOR, LISTENING TO THE SOBBING AS THE MOURNERS BEGAN TO FILE IN TOWARDS NOON...



THEY'RE CRYING... FOR ME!

OUTSIDE THE FUNERAL PARLOR, AMOS WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE SERVICES TO TAKE PLACE...



CRAZY OLD MACAWBER! OH, WELL! FIFTY BUCKS IS FIFTY BUCKS!

INSIDE MORTON LISTENED TO THE SCRATCHING ON THE COFFIN LID AS THE FLORAL WREATHS WERE PLACED UPON IT...



AH...WHAT EXOTIC AROMAS! FLOWERS...FOR ME!

THE COFFIN WAS ROLLED INTO THE CHAPEL! MORTON LISTENED TO THE GLIDING WHEELS...THE ORGAN MUSIC...THE WHIMPERING MOURNERS...



THE SERVICES ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN! SERVICES...FOR ME!

SOON THE SOLEMN VOICE OF THE ORATOR WAS HEARD, FILLING THE CHAPEL. MORTON DRANK IN THE WORDS...THRILLED AT THE HOMAGE PAID TO THE DECEASED...

AND WHEN A MURDERER'S KNIFE TOOK THIS BELOVED MAN FROM HIS DEVOTED FAMILY, IT TOOK FROM THEM GREAT JOY AND HAPPINESS



MORTON LISTENED TO THE SHUFFLING OF FEET AS THE PALL-BEARERS MOVED TOWARD THE COFFIN.

THOSE WHO WISH TO LEAVE MAY DO SO AT THIS TIME



NOR DID MORTON MACAWBER HEAR THE DRAPES AT ONE END OF THE CHAPEL DRAW OPEN AND THE HUGE IRON DOOR SWING WIDE! ALL HE KNEW WAS HIS COFFIN WAS MOVING FORWARD WITH DIGNITY, WITH SOLEMNITY

WE COMMIT HIS LAST REMAINS TO THE CONSUMING FIRES OF THE CREMATORY!



THE FUNERAL EULOGY DRONED ON, EXTOLLING THE DECEASED PHINEAS WINKLESON...AND MORTON GRINNED IN HIS COFFIN! AT LAST HE WAS EXPERIENCING THE DIGNITY AND ADORATION GIVEN TO A DEPARTED! AT LAST HE WAS ENJOYING A FUNERAL FROM THE DEAD MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

...AND WITH THESE FINAL WORDS, THE SERVICES ARE AT AN END! THOSE WHO WISH TO.

AH! NOW I WILL BE CARRIED TO THE HEARSE! I WILL KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE LIFTED BY PALL-BEARERS...



MORTON DID NOT HEAR THE STRANGE REQUEST! HE WAS TOO ENTHRALLED WITH THE RAPTURE OF BEING BORN ALOFT BY MANY STRONG HANDS...

AND NOW, IN RESPECT TO THE DEPARTED ONE'S DESIRES AND INSTRUCTIONS, WE COMMIT HIS LAST REMAINS...



HEE, HEE! THAT'S A HOT ONE, EH, KIDDIES? BY THE TIME MORTY-BOY REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING, HE WAS PRETTY BURNED UP! THE ROARING FIRE AND 'ADORING' SOBS OF REMORSE FROM THE MOURNERS DROWNED OUT HIS SCREAMS! SO MORTY FOUND OUT WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO ENJOY ONE'S OWN FUNERAL! IT GAVE HIM A WARM FEELING...THROUGH AND THROUGH!

BY THE WAY! AMOS FINALLY GAVE UP WAITING FOR HIS FIFTY-BUCK DEAL AFTER A COUPLE OF HOURS! BUT THE VAULT-KEEPER WON'T SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO HIM FOR HIS TERROR TID-BIT! SEE YOU LATER!



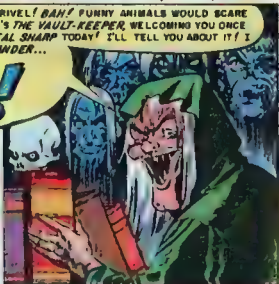
THE END



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! A HORROR STORY SHE CALLS THAT INANE DRIVEL! BAH! FUNNY ANIMALS WOULD SCARE BABES MORE! I'LL TELL YOU A HORROR STORY! YES, IT'S THE VAULT-KEEPER, WELCOMING YOU ONCE MORE TO THE VAULT OF HORROR! COME IN! I FEEL REAL SHARP TODAY! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT! I CALL THIS SPINE-TINGLING, BLOOD-CURLING, HAIR-STANDER...

## FED UP!



THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS TEEMED WITH EXCITED THRILL-SEEKING CUSTOMERS! CALLIOPE MUSIC FILLED THE SUNNY AIR! CHILDREN SQUEELED WITH JOY AS THE HUGE CARROUSEL WENT 'ROUND AND 'ROUND! LOUD-VOICED BARKERS MADE THEIR PITCHES BEFORE SEAS OF OGGLING FACES...



BUT OFF THE JAMMED MIDWAY, JUST BEYOND THE LAUGHTER AND NOISE, A MAN MOVED TOWARD A DILAPIDATED TRAILER! THE MAN WAS HUGE... OBESE! HIS BREATHING WAS HEAVY AS HE LABORED UP THE TRAILER'S ROTTING STEPS...

ALEC\* IS THAT YOU\*

GASP...YEAH, SANDRA! IT...  
GASP...IT'S ME! BURRRP!



THE TRAILER DOOR SWUNG OPEN AND THE HULKING FIGURE ENTERED! HE FLOPPED ONTO A WELL-WORN STUDIO-BED! THE WOMAN STOOD OVER HIM, TEARS IN HER EYES...

YOU...YOU TOOK IT, DIDN'T YOU, ALEC? YOU TOOK THE MONEY I'D SCRIMPED AND PINCHED AND PUT AWAY SO WE COULD GET INTO THE BIG-TIME! YOU TOOK IT AND STUFFED YOURSELF!

I...I COULDN'T HELP IT, SANDRA! I...I WUZ HUNGRY! I...I

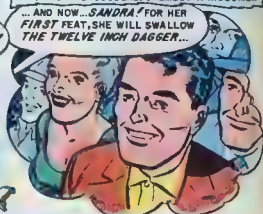
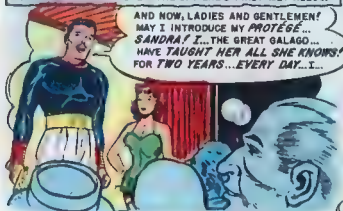


THE FAT ONE'S VOICE FADED AS HE STAMMERED OUT ANOTHER OF HIS FEEBLE EXPLANATIONS! THE WOMAN WASN'T LISTENING! SHE'D HEARD THEM SO MANY TIMES BEFORE! HIS VOICE DROD ON...AND ON...JUST LIKE 'THE GREAT GALAGO'S' VOICE HAD DONE TEN YEARS BEFORE THE DAY SHE'D FIRST MET ALEC...

GALAGO'S INTRODUCTORY SPEECH ALWAYS DRAGGED LIKE THAT! SANDRA USUALLY LOOKED AROUND AT THE CUSTOMERS WHILE HE MADE HIS PITCH! ALEC WAS IN THE CROWD, GRINNING UP AT HER! ONLY HE WASN'T FAT THEN! HE WAS BIG, BROAD-SHOULDERED, ALMOST HANDSOME...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! MAY I INTRODUCE MY PROTÉGÉ... SANDRA! I...THE GREAT GALAGO... HAVE TAUGHT HER ALL SHE KNOWS! FOR TWO YEARS...EVERY DAY...I...

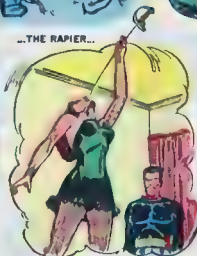
...AND NOW...SANDRA! FOR HER FIRST FEAT, SHE WILL SWALLOW THE TWELVE INCH DAGGER...



SANDRA'D GONE THROUGH HER ACT AS USUAL! THE DAGGER...

...THE RAPIER...

...AND THE 30 INCH SWORD



AND THEN SHE'D STEPPED BEHIND THE BACKDROP TO LET GALAGO WIND UP THE PERFORMANCE WITH HIS FAMOUS NEON-SWORD-SWALLOWING FEAT...

WATCH, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS THE NEON-SWORD PASSES DOWN... INTO MY STOMACH! YOU WILL SEE THE SHADOWS OF MY RIBS... MY HEART... EACH ORGAN OF MY BODY...

EXCUSE ME? PARDON ME PLEASE.

GALAGO WAS BIG-TIME! HIS NEON-SWORD WAS FAMOUS! SANDRA WAS JUST A DECORATION FOR HIS ACT... A COME-ON FOR THE MALE-TRADE! ALEC CAME AROUND TO THE BACK AS SOON AS SANDRA'D GOTTEN OFF THE STAGE! HE'D WALKED OUT ON THE NEON-ACT! SANDRA WAS QUITE FLATTERED...

YOU SAY YOU SAW MY PERFORMANCE? BUT YOU'RE MISSING THE BEST PART OF THE SHOW RIGHT NOW...

NO I'M NOT! THE BEST PART OF THE SHOW IS *RIGHT HERE!*



THAT WAS ALEC TEN YEARS AGO! A SWEET-TALKING FLATTERER! SANDRA FELL FOR HIS LINE... FELL HARD...

WHAT DO YOU NEED HIM FOR, SANDRA? YOU COULD BE A STAR BY YOURSELF!

I DON'T KNOW

LISTEN! I COULD BE YOUR *BARKER!* WE'D GO FROM CARNIVAL TO CARNIVAL HAUL IN THE DOUGH BY THE SACKFULS! WHAT DO YA SAY?

DO YOU REALLY THINK I'M GOOD ENOUGH, ALEC?

GOOD ENOUGH? BABY! YOU'LL BE BIG-TIME INSIDE OF A YEAR! JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE!

ALL RIGHT, ALEC! I'LL DO IT!



SO, SANDRA'D QUIT GALAGO AND GONE OUT ON HER OWN! SHE AND ALEC WORKED HARD GETTING STARTED! FINALLY THEY LANDED A SPOT WITH A TRAVELING ROAD-SHOW...

IT'S A START, BABY! THE DOUGH ISN'T MUCH BUT IT'S A START!

BUT, ALEC! WE COULDN'T BOTH LIVE ON THAT SALARY!

NOT SEPARATELY, MAYBE! BUT... BUT TOGETHER WE'D MANAGE! I... I MEAN IF WE WERE MARRIED... IT'D BE EASIER...

OH, ALEC! DO YOU MEAN IT? ARE YOU PROPOSING? DO YOU WANT TO MARRY ME?





SO ALEG AND SANDRA WERE SLICED...ER...SPICED! A YEAR WENT BY! MONEY WAS TIGHT! SANDRA WENT TO THE ROAD-SHOW MANAGER...

IT... IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE FOR ALEG AND I TO SAVE ON WHAT I'M EARNING! I THOUGHT... PERHAPS...

LOOK, SANDRA! SWORD SWALLOWERS LIKE YOU ARE A DIME A DOZEN!

YOU DON'T DRAW IN ENOUGH CUSTOMERS TO DESERVE A RAISE! NOW, MAYBE IF YOU COULD THINK UP SOME GIMMICK TO PULL 'EM IN...Y'KNOW...SOME EXTRA-SPECIAL ACT...

I...I THINK I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU WANT, MR. MUNRABT! I... I THINK I KNOW!



SANDRA WAS THINKING OF THE 'NEON SWORD' IT WAS JUST ABOUT THAT TIME THAT ALEG BEGAN TO EAT! AS IF THINGS WEREN'T HARD ENOUGH...

ALEG! YOU MEAN YOU SPENT ALL OF OUR FOOD ALLOWANCE ALREADY!

WELL... I, I HAD A GOOD MEAL TODAY!

A GOOD MEAL? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

DON'T YOU? WELL I WAS SICK AND TIRED OF EATING THE SAME OLD SLOP EVERY DAY, SO I WENT OUT AND HAD ME A STEAK! AND IT WAS GOOD, TOO!

OH, DARLING! I DIDN'T MEAN TO NAB! I KNOW HOW IT IS! WE'LL... WE'LL MANAGE SOMEHOW! I'M GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT! YOU DESERVED IT!

I...I LIKE A DECENT MEAL ONCE IN A WHILE!



BUT ALEG'S 'DECENT MEALS ONCE IN A WHILE' CAME VERY OFTEN AFTER THAT! HE'D GO OUT AND ORDER A HUGE DINNER FOR HIMSELF, REGARDLESS OF COST...

...AND THE PHEASANT-UNDER-GLASS, LYONNAISE POTATOES, CAULIFLOWER, MIXED GREEN SALAD, RELISH DISH, DOUBLE CHEESE CAKE A LA MODE, AND HOT CHOCOLATE! OH...AND YOU BETTER BRING A THICK STEAK!

VERY WELL, M'SIEU! IS...IS THIS...YOU WILL PARDON ME... IS THIS ALL FOR YOU?

AND AS THE MONTHS FLEW BY, AND TWO...THREE YEARS PASSED, ALEG CONTINUED TO BORGE HIMSELF! HE GREW FATTER AND FATTER...

OH, ALEG! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SAVE FOR THAT NEON-SWORD FOR TWO YEARS NOW! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PUT AWAY A DIME!

A GUY'S GOTTA EAT! KIN I HELP IT IF I NEED LOTSA FOOD?



BUT SANDRA LOVED ALEC... SO SHE TOOK IT! YEAR AFTER YEAR HE'D STUFFED HIMSELF INTO OBESITY! AND YEAR AFTER YEAR SANDRA'D TRIED TO SAVE...

S'MATTER, SANDRA? YOU CRYIN'?

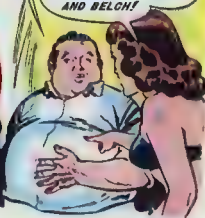
SOB... SOB. IT'S NO USE! WE'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE NOT THIS WAY!

DON' WORRY, SANDRA! YOU'LL BE BIG-TIME YET! YOU WAIT AND SEE! JUS' WAIT AND... BURRRP!

OH, ALEX! YOU'RE... DISGUSTING!

HUH?

LOOK AT YOU! YOU EAT UP EVERY DIME WE GET! YOU'VE GROWN BIG AND FAT! EAT! EAT! EAT! THAT'S ALL YOU DO! EAT AND BELCH!



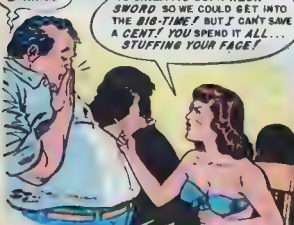
SANDRA! WHAT? BURRRP!

FOR EIGHT YEARS I'VE TRIED TO SAVE... TO BUY A NEON-SWORD SO WE COULD GET INTO THE BIG-TIME! BUT I CAN'T SAVE A CENT! YOU SPEND IT ALL... STUFFING YOUR FACE!

AND THEN IT HAPPENED! THE ROAD-SHOW MANAGER TOLD SANDRA ONE DAY

I'M GIVING YOU A FEW EXTRA DOLLARS A WEEK, SANDRA! PUT IT AWAY AND BUY THAT NEON-SWORD! YOUR ACT COULD USE SOMETHING!

OH, THANK YOU, MR. MUNRAST! THANK YOU!



SANDRA'D RESOLVED NOT TO TELL ALEC ABOUT THE EXTRA MONEY! EVERY WEEK SHE'D PUT IT AWAY BEFORE SHE GAVE ALEC THE PAY ENVELOPE...

SANDRA? YOU IN THERE? TODAY'S PAY DAY! GOT IT?

Y-YES, ALEC! JUST A MOMENT!



LATER, SHE'D HIDE IT IN THE TRAILER IN A SAFE PLACE! AFTER ABOUT TWO YEARS OF THIS DECEPTION SANDRA'D SAVED UP ALMOST ENOUGH TO BUY THE NEON-SWORD

198,199,200! 200 DOLLARS! TWO MORE PAY-DAYS AND I'LL HAVE ENOUGH! THEN IT'S THE BIG-TIME FOR ALEC AND ME! AND HE CAN EAT TILL HE BUSTS!



BUT JUST THAT AFTERNOON, SANDRA'D RETURNED FROM HER PERFORMANCE IN THE ODDITORIUM TO FIND...

THE MONEY! IT'S... IT'S GONE! ALEG MUST HAVE FOUND IT!



SO SHE'D WAITED FOR FAY, BELCHING ALEG! SHE'D WAITED AND BOILED! AND FINALLY SHE'D HEARD HIS ELEPHANTINE FOOTSTEPS ON THE TRAILER STAIRS...

ALEG? IS THAT YOU?

GASP. YEAH, SANDRA! IT... GASP... IT'S ME! BURRRP!



NOW SHE WAS LISTENING TO HIS FEEBLE EXPLANATION AND HIS VOICE WAS DRONING ON AND ON...

ALL RIGHT, ALEG! ALL RIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH!

I COULDN'T HELP IT, SANDRA! I...



LOOK, ALEG! I'VE BEEN THINKING! I HAVE A PLAN! A PLAN TO GET US INTO THE BIG-TIME!

YEAH? WHAT IS IT, SANDRA?



I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU TO BE A SWORD-SWALLOWER TOO!

ME? OH, NO! NOT ME! I COULDN'T...



YES YOU COULD! I'D TEACH YOU THE SECRET... HOW TO RELAX YOUR THROAT! YOU'D LIKE TO EAT STEAKS AND PHEASANTS EVERY DAY, WOULDN'T YOU?

YEAH! SURE! BUT...



IT'S EASY, ALEG! HERE! LET ME SHOW YOU! STAND UP! NOW LOOK UP... UP HIGHER...

LIKE THIS







PERFECT, ALEC!  
NOW RELAX! HERE!  
TAKE THE SWORD!  
PASS IT DOWN.  
SLOWLY...  
SLOWLY...

I I  
DON'T KNOW,  
SANDRA! I...



LITTLE BY LITTLE, SANDRA COAXED  
ALEC, TEACHING HIM TO RELAX  
HIS THROAT, UNTIL THE SWORD WAS  
DOWN

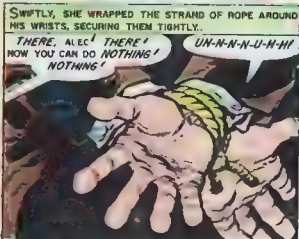
THERE! SEE?  
THAT WAS EASY.  
WASN'T IT?

UH HUH...



SUDDENLY, SANDRA GRABBED ALEC'S  
WRISTS AND TWISTED HIS ARMS  
BEHIND HIS BACK...

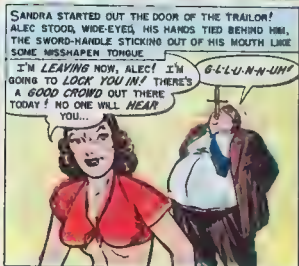
GNN-N-N-N-G-G!



SWIFTLY, SHE WRAPPED THE STRAND OF ROPE AROUND  
HIS WRISTS, SECURING THEM TIGHTLY...

THERE, ALEC! THERE!  
NOW YOU CAN DO NOTHING!  
NOTHING!

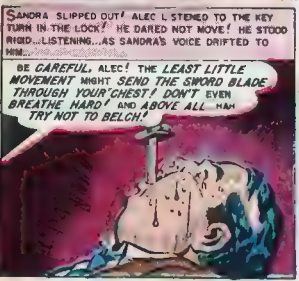
UN-N-N-N-U-N-N!



SANDRA STARTED OUT THE DOOR OF THE TRAILOR!  
ALEC STOOD, WIDE-EYED, HIS HANDS TIED BEHIND HIM,  
THE SWORD-HANDLE STICKING OUT OF HIS MOUTH LIKE  
SOME MISSHAPEN TONGUE

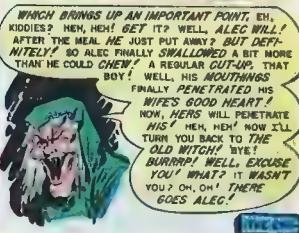
I'M LEAVING NOW, ALEC! I'M  
GOING TO LOCK YOU IN! THERE'S  
A GOOD CROWD OUT THERE  
TODAY! NO ONE WILL HEAR  
YOU...

G-L-L-U-N-N-U-N!



SANDRA SLIPPED OUT! ALEC LISTENED TO THE KEY  
TURN IN THE LOCK! HE DARED NOT MOVE! HE STOOD  
RIGID...LISTENING...AS SANDRA'S VOICE DRIFTED TO  
HIM...

BE CAREFUL, ALEC! THE LEAST LITTLE  
MOVEMENT MIGHT SEND THE SWORD BLADE  
THROUGH YOUR CHEST! DON'T EVEN  
BREATHE HARD! AND ABOVE ALL, HAH  
TRY NOT TO BELCH!



WHICH BRINGS UP AN IMPORTANT POINT, EH,  
KIDDIES? HEH, HEH! GET IT? WELL, ALEC WILL!  
AFTER THE MEAL HE JUST PUT AWAY? BUT DEFIN-  
ITELY! SO ALEC FINALLY SWALLOWED A BIT MORE  
THAN HE COULD CHEW! A REGULAR CUT-UP, THAT  
BOY! WELL, HIS MOUTHWINGS  
FINALLY PENETRATED HIS  
WIFE'S GOOD HEART!  
NOW, HERS WILL PENETRATE  
HIS! HEH, HEH! NOW I'LL  
TURN YOU BACK TO THE  
OLD WITCH! BYE!  
BURRRP! WELL, EXCUSE  
YOU! WHAT? IT WASN'T  
YOU? OH, OH! THERE  
GOES ALEC!

# E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!  
YOU'VE TELEGRAPHED!  
YOU'VE PHONED!  
YOU'VE THREATENED US!

SO HERE IT IS! THE MAGAZINE  
YOU'VE DEMANDED!



ANOTHER  
"NEW TREND"  
SURE-FIRE WINNER!



**ON SALE NOW**  
**AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**

## WITNESS



Cautiously, looking up and down the gangway to make certain that no one was watching, Keller emerged from Fenton's stateroom. Pulling the knob toward him until he heard the lock click into place, Keller walked briskly away from the room which contained the corpse of the man he had just killed.

Fenton's own wristwatch would furnish the ironclad alibi he needed, Keller thought to himself. Resetting the hands of Fenton's purposely-smashed watch to indicate that the murder had occurred at exactly 2 o'clock, would make it appear physically impossible for Keller to have been the murderer. It was 1:45 now, he noted, glancing at his own wristwatch. By 2 he'd be in the company of witnesses who could be relied upon to swear that at the time of Fenton's death, they . . . the crew of the ocean liner's lifeboat . . . were busy rescuing Keller from the sea. For that was Keller's trump card: he was going to fall overboard "accidentally." Making certain, of course, that a witness was present on deck to see him hit the water. A witness was of the greatest necessity . . . for without someone to see him fall and then raise the alarm, the ship might continue on its way, abandoning Keller to quick death in the shark-infested waters.

Up on deck, Keller noted with satisfaction, there was only one other person present at the moment: leaning against the handrail 15 yards away, was a bulky man in a red mackinaw. Keller coughed loudly . . . the man turned at the sound and stared right

at him. Good, thought Keller, he's seen me! Now, as soon as he looks away, I go over the side! The moment he sees me hit the water he'll start screaming . . . the rescue lifeboat ought to be headed back for me within 5 minutes, unless the Captain was just letting out wind about the speed of his crew's rescue operations. They should pick me up by 2 o'clock. And then, any time after that . . . while they're still questioning me about how the accident happened . . . the steward bringing Fenton's lunch will discover his body. But that watch stopped at 2 . . . and my rescue at almost the same moment . . . is the kind of evidence no prosecutor will ever break down!

The moment to launch himself over the side of the ship had arrived, Keller realized. The would-be witness had turned away for a moment and was staring once again across the unrelieved vista of sleet-grey water. Keller clambered quickly to the handrail and without a moment's hesitation threw himself far out, to make sure he cleared the side of the craft. In an incredibly short time he felt himself smash against the sea and become engulfed by water. Then, at last, his head bobbed clear of the waves. The boat was steaming on past him. But the witness, Keller noted with glee, was staring right at him. In another moment the man would give the alarm . . .

It was 10 minutes later . . . 10 minutes in which the ship's speed had continued unabated . . . that a young man in a junior officer's coat stepped out on deck and moved toward the bulky man in the red mackinaw.

"Time for your nap, sir," the officer said softly, taking the bulky man's arm. Then, carefully, he led the blind passenger in the red mackinaw to the doors which led to the first-class state-rooms.



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# THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Hee, hee! It seems that I have a culture-loving readership! Since I published a poem sent me by the boys in Pine Hill Cemetery, other artistic offerings along the same morbid lines have poured in. And lately, since I've been entertaining you with torrid-terror-tunes from my horrid-hit-parade, many mad-music lovers have sent me revolting-requests! Billy Barnett of Brooklyn, N. Y., Arnold Pickett of Tacoma, Wash., and Gertrude Ashley of Denver, Colo., requested the following slobbering selections.

**FANGS FOR THE MEMORY**  
GHOUL OF MY DREAMS  
OOZE SORRY NOW?  
YOU'RE THE SCREAM IN MY COFFIN  
MY MUMMY DONE TORE ME  
SLIME ON MY HANDS  
MY ADOBE MAUSOLEUM  
SUMMER CRIME  
THE LITTLE WHITE SHROUD THAT DIED  
POLLUTED WATERS  
MY BOO HEAVEN  
MY BODY LIES FULL OF A POTION  
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MOURNING

Of course, there were many others but they were too ghastly to publish! As far as the poetry goes, a gentleman who signs himself Edgar Allen Poet (actually Bob Brothers of Gonzales, Texas) sends in this gem of American literature

*I had a little vampire friend  
Her teeth were white as snow,  
And everywhere the vampire went  
She wanted me to go!  
  
She took me to a grave one night  
To visit with a ghoul,  
It made me lose my appetite  
To see those creatures drool!*

Janice Lopez of Ft. Walton, Florida sends in TWO poems! Isn't SHE the busy little bee?

*Three hungry ghouls  
Three hungry ghouls!  
See how they thirst  
See how they thirst!  
They all ran after the mortician's wife  
And slit her throat with a carving knife  
Did you ever see such a sight in your life  
As three hungry ghouls?*

Janice's second offering is shorter but more to the point!

*The spring has sprung,  
The grass has ris...  
I wonder where  
The bodies is!*

Stanley Sherman and Leo Martinez of N. Y. C. sent in the following eulogy to your three GhouLunatics.

*The Crypt-Keeper and Old Witch were walking one day  
When they met the Vault-Keeper, while on their way.  
"Relax," cried the Old Witch, "We're working too hard,  
"Let's take a stroll in the pretty graveyard!"  
They were sucking the blood from each other's throat  
When a vampire bat dropped them a note  
Don't loiter in the graveyard, you ugly old crones  
Or we'll finish you off and we'll pick on the bones!"  
So they ran toward the gate, shaking like shingles  
When Lo and Behold they met Graham Angels!  
"Good evening, friend ghouls," he quietly said  
While he carefully put on his very best head.  
"Look out," cried the Crypt-Keeper, pointing down low  
For Angels was slowly devouring his toe!  
"You'll poison yourself," the Old Witch did cry.  
"With the food that they feed me, a termite would die!"  
Then they all shook hands and became good friends  
And that is how our story ends!*

Gene Fagin of Philadelphia, Pa. completed a song started by the Vault-Keeper (to the tune of the Anniversary Waltz).

*Oh how we danced on the night you were bled  
I looked at your face and then lopped off your head!  
The night was all gray as the ghouls fled away  
The vampires returned to their graves before day.  
Now that I have you so securely chained  
Your screams have stopped, for your blood I have  
drained,  
My fangs bit deep and I drank my fill  
My darling I love you still!*

And now, before I close this classy conclave, just a reminder! Pictures are still available... nobody buys them so naturally they're still available! hee, hee 25c gets for you (and who would want them!) the set of 5 by 7 autographed photographic reproductions (this means they ain't hand-drawn but actual!) of the three GhouLunatics... me and the other two crumbs! And while we're sucking money, for 75c you can get a subscription to my mad-mag (or any other E.C. mad-mag for that matter!) Just send the moola along with your worst enemy's clearly printed name and address, and we'll mail him the next six nauseating issues... a full year's disgusting supply! Send picture orders, money, subscription orders, money, poetry, money, drawings, money, fan mail, and/or money to:

The Old Witch  
Room 706, Dept. 13  
225 Lafayette Street  
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.



HERE'S A CHILLING LITTLE  
YARN ... UP TO A POINT ...

**MINOR ERROR!**



THE OLD HOUSE HAD STOOD EMPTY FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS BEFORE SOMEONE BOUGHT IT! THE KIDS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAD HEARD THAT A MAN AND A BOY HAD MOVED IN! BUT FOR NEARLY THREE MONTHS AFTER THE MOVING-VAN HAD UNLOADED THE FURNITURE, NO ONE HAD SEEN THE YOUNGSTER! ONE SUMMER EVENING...

HEY! IT'S GETTIN' DARK! LET'S PLAY HIDE 'N SEEK!

YEAH! GOOD IDEA! HOW 'BOUT...

LOOK! LOOK! THE OLD HOUSE! THERE'S A FACE IN THE WINDOW!



THE ASHEN COUNTENANCE OF A TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY PEERED OUT AT THE GATHERED KIDS BELOW.

GEE! THAT MUST BE THE NEW KID THAT MOVED IN!

GOSH, HE LOOKS SICKLY!

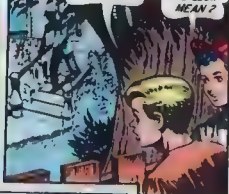
HEY! C'MON OUT, KID!



THE CHILD'S WIDE-EYED, PALE FACE  
DISAPPEARED FROM THE WINDOW.  
HE'S  
GONE!  
HE LOOKED  
SCARED  
STIFF!  
LOOK!  
THE  
FRONT  
DOOR



THE FRONT DOOR TO THE OLD  
HOUSE OPENED AND A MAN CAME  
OUT! HE CARRIED A LARGE CAR-  
TON TIED WITH STRING.  
IT'S THE OLD  
GUY WHAT BOUGHT  
THE HOUSE!  
GEE!  
DON'T  
HE LOOK  
MEAN?



THE MAN'S FACE WAS A RIGID MASK  
SET WITH A GRUEL EXPRESSION!  
HE STARTED DOWN THE STREET  
LET'S ASK  
HIM WHY THE  
KID CAN'T  
COME OUT AN'  
PLAY!  
YOU  
ASK 'IM!  
NOT  
ME!  
C'MON!  
DON'T BE A  
SCAREDY-  
CAT! I'LL  
ASK 'HEY,  
MISTER!



THE HARD-FACED MAN TURNED AS THE KIDS TROTTED  
UP TO HIM

YEAH?  
WHAT D'YUH  
WANT?

SAY, MISTER! WHY CAN'T YOUR  
LIL' BOY COME OUT AN' PLAY WITH  
US? WE AIN'T EVEN MET 'IM...  
AN' IT'S BEEN ALMOST THREE  
MONTHS SINCE YOU



THE MAN'S FACE GREW PURPLE WITH RAGE! HIS LIPS  
DREW BACK IN A SMILE, EXPOSING SHARP LITTLE DIS-  
COLORED TEETH.

G'WAN! SCRAM! MIND  
YOUR OWN BUSINESS!  
EZRA AIN'T NEVER COM-  
ING OUT! NEVER, D'YOU  
HEAR? AND DON'T YOU  
HANG AROUND THE HOUSE!  
I DON'T LIKE PRYIN'!

GEE! S SURE,  
MISTER! WE  
D...DIDN'T MEAN  
NO HARM! WE  
WUZ J...JUST  
ASKIN'!



THE MAN STAMPED OFF ANGRILY

THE  
OLD  
CRAB!

GOLLY! I'D HATE  
TO HAVE HIM AS  
MY OLD MAN!

I SEEN HIM COME  
OUT EVERY NIGHT  
AT THIS TIME!  
MOMMA SAYS HE  
WORKS AT  
NIGHT!

WHAT'S HE  
GOT IN THE  
BOX?

I DUNNO!  
HE NEVER  
CARRIED IT  
BEFORE!

C'MON! LET'S  
PLAY HIDE 'N  
SEEK! IT'S  
GETTIN' LATE!



THE NEXT DAY THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS WERE ALL EXCITED ABOUT THE MURDER THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.

IT SAYS 'THE MURDERED MAN'S BODY WAS COMPLETELY DRAINED OF ITS BLOOD!'

VAMPIRES!

AW SHUDDUP! THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING!

OH, NO? I READ IN A COMIC BOOK ONCE... I THINK IT WUZ CALLED THE HAUNT OF...

LISTEN TO THIS! 'A CARTON WAS FOUND AT THE SCENE! IT'S THE POLICE'S ONLY CLUE!'

A CARTON? SEE... LAST NIGHT.



AW, DON'T GO PLAYIN' DETECTIVE!

WELL, HE HUZ CARRYIN' A CARTON!

SO WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

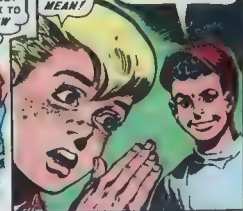
LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

WHAT'LL WE DO WHAT'NIGHT? HOW 'BOUT PLAYIN'...

HOW 'BOUT SEEIN' IF WE CAN GET TO TALK TO THAT NEW KID!

NOT ME, BOY! HIS OLD MAN LOOKS AWFUL MEAN!

AW, C'MON! THE SOUR PUSS WORKS AT NIGHT! WE'LL WAIT UNTIL HE LEAVES!



TOWARDS EVENING... THERE HE GOES! HE'S GOT A CARTON AGAIN!

WE'LL WAIT TILL HE TURNS THE CORNER!

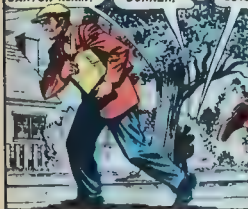
POOR KID! HE NEVER GETS OUT...

FINALLY THE NEW ARRIVAL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD DISAPPEARED AROUND THE CORNER AND WAS GONE! THE KIDS HURRIED ACROSS THE STREET...

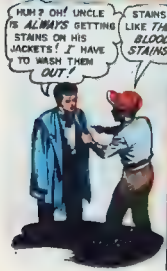
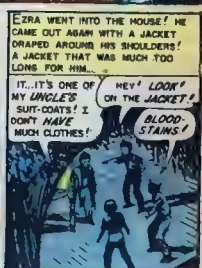
HEY, KID!

HEY, EZRA!

C'MON OUT!







THE NEXT DAY, THE KIDS READ ABOUT THE **SECOND STRANGE KILLING**

JUS' LIKE THE FIRST ONE! BLOOD DRAINED AN' ALL!

AN' THEY FOUND ANOTHER EMPTY CARTON!

WHAT'LL WE DO? IF WE TELL THE COPS EZRA'S UNGLE IS A VAMPIRE ...

WE'RE NOT SURE YET! WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE!

THAT NIGHT, THE KIDS CROUCHED BEHIND THE BUSHES OPPOSITE EZRA'S HOUSE ...

HERE HE COMES! HE'S CARRYIN' A CARTON AGAIN!

SH-H-H! WE'LL FOLLOW HIM... BUT STAY OUT OF SIGHT!

DUCKING BEHIND FENCES, LAMP-POSTS, TREES, AND ANY OTHER HIDING PLACE, THE KIDS FOLLOWED EZRA'S UNGLE ...

HE'S STOPPIN'!

SOMEONE'S IN THE OTHER WAY!

HE'S HITTIN' HIM ON THE HEAD!

I'M SH-H-H! GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!

HE'S TAKIN' SOMETHIN' OUT OF THE CARTON!

IT... IT'S A GALLON JUG!

HOLY GOW! HE'S DRAININ' THE BLOOD INTO THE JUG!

I FEEL SICK!

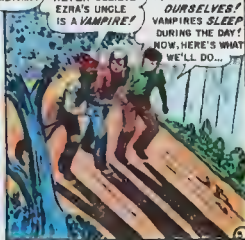
C'MON! WE SEEN ENOUGH!

NO WONDER HE KEEPS EZRA LOOKED UP! HE'S AFRAID EZRA'LL TALK!

WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!

THE COPS'LL NEVER BELIEVE EZRA'S UNGLE IS A VAMPIRE!

THEN WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY HIM OURSELVES! VAMPIRES SLEEP DURING THE DAY! NOW, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...



THE NEXT DAY, THE KIDS CLIMBED THROUGH A WINDOW OF EZRA'S HOUSE ARMED WITH A HAMMER AND A SHARPENED WOODEN STAKE...



THERE HE IS! ASLEEP! JUST LIKE I SAID!

PUT THE STAKE OVER HIS CHEST! HURRY!

OKAY! SLAM IT! SLAM IT HARD!

QUICK!

HERE GOES!



A SHRIEK OF PAIN ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE AS THE HAMMER FELL UPON THE STAKE AGAIN AND AGAIN...

HE...HE'S... GASP...HE'S DEAD!

HE...HE'S SUPPOSED TO FALL INTO DUST!



AW...YOU AN' YOUR COMIC BOOKS!

G'MON! LET'S GO FIND EZRA!



THE KIDS SEARCHED THE HOUSE... BUT NO SIGN OF EZRA! SUDDENLY...

HEY! DOWN HERE! G'MON! IN THE CELLAR!

OH...GOLLY!!



THE OTHER TWO BOYS RUSHED TO THE CELLAR! THE ONE WHO'D CALLED STOOD BEFORE THE OPEN COFFIN, STARING WITH WIDE FRIGHTENED EYES! EZRA SLEPT SERENELY! HIS BLOOD-STAINED LIPS WERE CURLED IN A SLIGHT SMILE! THE EMPTY GALLON JUG STOOD ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HIS COFFIN...

H-HE HE'S ASLEEP!

H-HE'S THE VAMPIRE!

W-WE WE MADE A MISTAKE!



YOU SURE DID, KIDDO! BUT THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T READ MY COMIC BOOK CAREFULLY! VAMPIRES SLEEP IN COFFINS...NOT BEDS! AND THEY DRINK BLOOD...THEY DON'T COLLECT IT! YEP! LIL' EZRA WAS THE VAMPIRE! SO WAS HIS MOMMY AND DADDY! UNCLE WAS JUST TAKING CARE OF HIM BECAUSE HE LOVED THE CHILD! OF COURSE, THAT MEANT GETTING BLOOD FOR THE THIRSTY

LIL' TYKE! AT LEAST TILL HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO GO OUT AND GET HIS OWN! AND IF YOU'D LIKE TO GET YOUR OWN... PICTURE OF ME, THAT IS... READ MY COLUMN, THE OLD WITCH'S NITCHE! BYE...NOW!



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! YEP, IT'S ME AGAIN! YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER! COME IN! COME IN! BUT WATCH YOUR STEP! AH... STEPPE! SAY! THERE'S A NICE LOCATION FOR A HORROR STORY! THE FROZEN, SNOW-COVERED STEPPES OF OLD IMPERIAL RUSSIA... B.S.! (BEFORE STALIN!) AND I HAVE JUST THE YARN! IT'S BOUND TO MAKE YOU HOWL FOR JOY! I CALL THIS TERROR-FYING TALE OF TUNDRA-TREMORS...

## WOLF BAIT!



DESPITE THE BITING WINTER WIND THAT SWEEPS ACROSS THE TREELESS RUSSIAN TUNDRA, THE HORSE'S MANGEY COAT IS BATHED IN PERSPIRATION! THE PANTING ANIMAL STRAGGLES AT THE SLEIGH-HARNESS GALLOPING PAINFULLY ACROSS THE TREELESS SNOW-COVERED WASTELAND...

FASTER... FASTER!  
THEY'RE CATCHING  
UP TO US!

THE HORSE CANNOT  
GO ANY FASTER! THE  
SLEIGH IS TOO HEAVY!





FOR THIS IS RUSSIA AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY WHEN SLEIGHS ARE THE ONLY MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION ACROSS THE STEPPES OR NORTHERN PLAINS, AND STARVING WOLVES HUNT IN PACKS! EVEN NOW, THE YELPING, HOWLING GREY SHADOWS LEAP ACROSS THE GUSTERING WHITE AFTER THE SPEEDING SLEIGH.



THEY ARE GAINING ON US!

I HAVE ONLY TWO MORE BULLETS! HOW MUCH LONGER IS IT, IVAN?

THE FUR-CLAD DRIVER OF THE SLEIGH SCREAMS INTO THE PIERCING WIND...

FIFTEEN MILES! SHOOT... STOP THEM FOR A WHILE! OUR HORSE WILL COLLAPSE AT THIS SPEED!

WAIT! YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS, NETZKA! WAIT UNTIL ONE GETS CLOSER!



THE YOUNG OFFICER CALLED NETZKA SIGHTS DOWN THE BARREL OF HIS RIFLE AT THE DROOLING, HOWLING WOLVES CLOSING IN BEHIND THE SLEIGH...



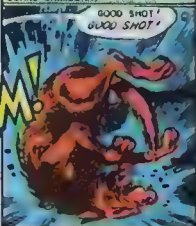
JUST A LITTLE CLOSER! JUST A LITTLE...

THE STARVING ANIMALS, INSANE WITH THE ONAWING PANGS OF HUNGER, THEIR EYES BURNING LIKE WHITE-HOT COALS, LEAP UP ABOUT THE SLEIGH, THEIR FANGS SLASHING, THEIR SPITTLE SPLATTERING...



NOW, NETZKA! NOW...

THE YOUNG OFFICER'S AIM IS TRUE! A WOLF FALLS, SHRIEKING, IN THE SNOW! THE WHITE AROUND IT SOAKS CRIMSON...



GOOD SHOT! GOOD SHOT!

THE SCENT OF BLOOD DRAWS THE REST OF THE PACK FROM THE SLEIGH AND THEY SPRING UPON THEIR FALLEN COMPANION...RIPPING, TEARING, DEVOURING...



THE FRIGHTENED PASSENGERS IN THE SLEIGH WATCH THE GORY SIGHT FADING IN THE DISTANCE

SOON THEY WILL BE UPON US AGAIN. ONCE THEY HAVE STRIPPED THE WOUNDED ONE'S FLESH FROM ITS BONES!

HOW FAR NOW, IVAN? I HAVE BUT ONE SHELL LEFT!

THIRTEEN FOURTEEN MILES! WE WILL BE LUCKY IF WE MAKE IT!



THE WOMAN BEGINS TO SOB! SHE  
DRAWS HER INFANT CHILD CLOSER  
TEARS FILLING HER EYES...

DO NOT CRY,  
VANYA! IT WILL  
BE ALL RIGHT!  
WE WILL GET  
THROUGH!

WE MUST  
WE MUST  
GET  
THROUGH!

VANYA LOOKS UP AND SMILES  
SADLY...

MY HUSBAND IS WAITING FOR  
ME! HE HAS NOT EVEN SEEN OUR  
BABY! HE HAS FOUND A PLACE  
FOR US TO LIVE! I... I MUST  
GET THROUGH

THE WOMAN NAMED VANYA CLOSES  
HER EYES! HER THOUGHTS GO  
BACK... BACK TO THAT TIME SO  
LONG AGO WHEN SHE'D SAID GOOD-  
BYE TO HER HUSBAND...

THIS IS THE  
CHANCE I HAVE  
WAITED FOR, MY  
DARLING!

BUT, THE  
BABY...

YOU WILL HAVE YOUR BABY,  
VANYA! THEN YOU WILL COME  
TO ME! I WILL FIND A PLACE  
FOR US TO STAY! DO NOT  
WORRY! THINGS WILL BE  
GOOD WITH US FROM NOW ON!

IF YOU MUST GO,  
THEN GO, MY DEAR  
ONE! WE WILL COME  
TO YOU! I... AND  
OUR CHILD!

THE SLEIGH CONTINUES ON ACROSS THE FROZEN  
TUNDRA! BEHIND, THE HOWLING GROWS LOUDER ONCE  
MORE! THE WOLF-PACK HAS FINISHED DEVOURING THE  
FALLEN MEMBER AND IS OVERTAKING IT AGAIN...

HOW FAR NOW, IVAN?

TWELVE MILES! BE  
CAREFUL! DO NOT WASTE  
YOUR LAST SHOT, NETZKA!

THE YOUNG OFFICER RAISES HIS RIFLE ONCE MORE! HE  
SMILES AT THE DRIVER...

I WILL BE CAREFUL, IVAN! I WANT  
TO GET THROUGH AS MUCH AS ANYONE!  
MY BRIDE-TO-BE AWAITS ME! MY  
AIM WILL BE TRUE!

YOU ARE TO  
BE MARRIED,  
NETZKA? CONGRATU-  
LATIONS!

THE WOLVES ARE UPON THEM ONCE AGAIN! THEIR  
CRUEL-LOOKING TEETH FLASH BENEATH DRAWN-BACK  
LIPS! THEIR INFURIATED EYES ARE LIKE BALLS OF  
FIRE! NETZKA'S FINGER CLOSSES AGAINST THE RIFLE-  
TRIGGER

**BLANG!**

YOU HIT  
ONE, NETZKA!  
YOU HIT ONE!

ONCE AGAIN, THE WOLVES FALL UPON THEIR WOUNDED COMPANION, ABANDONING THE FLEEING SLEIGH...

WE WILL BE ALL RIGHT FOR ANOTHER MILE OR SO NOW, EH, NETZKA?

BUT THE YOUNG OFFICER DOES NOT HEAR! HIS THOUGHTS ARE FAR AWAY FROM THE STEPPES AND THE SPEEDING SLEIGH! HIS THOUGHTS ARE OF SONIA HIS BRIDE-TO-BE! HE IS REMEMBERING THE DAY HE PROPOSED...

IN JANUARY, I WILL HAVE MY LEAVE, SONIA! TWO WHOLE WEEKS! WE WILL BE MARRIED THEN!

OH, YES, NETZKA! I WILL COUNT THE DAYS TILL YOU COME, MY DARLING!

THE OLD MAN BESIDE NETZKA TUGS AT HIS TUNIC, SHOCKING HIM OUT OF HIS THOUGHTS...

WHAT WHAT WILL WE DO NOW, SOLDIER? YOUR BULLETS ARE USED UP!

THAT IS RIGHT, OLD ONE! PERHAPS THEY WILL NOT COME AFTER US AGAIN!

NO! THEY WILL COME BACK! THEY WILL FOLLOW US ALL THE WAY! PACKS LIKE THAT ARE NEVER SATISFIED! THEIR HUNGER KNOWS NO BOUNDS!

THEN WE WILL HAVE TO FIGHT THEM OFF WITH OUR BARE HANDS!

I...I HAVE A BETTER WAY, SOLDIER! HERE, IN THIS PACKAGE!

WHAT IS IT, OLD ONE?

I...GO TO LIVE WITH MY DAUGHTER! SHE IS RECENTLY WIDOWED! SHE IS VERY POOR! SHE AND HER THREE CHILDREN ARE STARVING! I...I BRING THEM MEAT!

YOU HAVE MEAT IN THAT PACKAGE?

YES! IF...IF I GIVE IT TO YOU... DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP?

OF COURSE IT WILL, OLD ONE! OF COURSE! WE WILL THROW IT TO THEM WHEN THEY OVERTAKE US AGAIN! IT WILL STALL THEM A LITTLE LONGER!

ONCE AGAIN, THE BAYING GREY SHADOWS LEAP ACROSS THE GLISTENING SNOW AFTER THE SLEIGH...

HOW FAR NOW, IVAN?

NINE MILES, NETZKA!  
ONLY NINE MILES!



SOON THE BLOOD-THIRSTY ANIMALS ARE LEAPING ABOUT THE SLEIGH ONCE MORE, SNAPPING AT THE HORSE'S HOOVES, CLAWING AT THE SLEIGH-SIDES

THE MEAT! THROW THE MEAT!



THE MEAT IS HURLED INTO THE SNOW BEHIND THE SPEEDING SLEIGH! THE WOLVES TURN UPON IT SAVAGELY, FIGHTING FOR IT! THE OLD MAN WATCHES THE MELEE WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES...

I... I HAVE A LITTLE MONEY! I COULD BUY MORE FOR ANNA... IF... IF I GET THROUGH!

SEVEN MILES MORE! ONLY SEVEN!



THE WOMAN WITH THE CHILD TURNS TO IVAN, THE DRIVER

WHY DO YOU DO THIS, IVAN? WHY DO YOU TAKE SUCH A CHANCE?

I, TOO, HAVE AN INFANT GUILD AT HOME, VANYA! AN INFANT NEEDS MILK!



BUT WE PAY YOU SO LITTLE!

IT IS ENOUGH FOR OLGA AND THE BABY! PERHAPS I WILL CHARGE MORE NEXT TIME... IF THERE IS A NEXT TIME!



THE YOUNG OFFICER POINTS OFF TOWARD THE HORIZON...

THERE IT IS! THERE IS THE TOWN! ONLY FIVE MILES AWAY!



SUDDENLY VANYA SCREAMS...

LOOK! THE WOLVES! THEY'RE COMING AGAIN!

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!





THE SLOSHING, YELPING GREY SHADOWS STREAK ACROSS THE SNOW AFTER THE SLEIGH! THE DROOL SPILLS FROM THEIR FANGED JAWS! THEY JOSTLE AND SHOVE EACH OTHER, TRYING TO BE THE FIRST TO REACH THEIR QUARRY.



FEAR AND TERROR CLUTCH AT THE HEARTS OF PEOPLE IN THE SLEIGH.



BUT NOW THE DRIVER IS NOT THINKING OF A WAY TO STALL THE WOLVES! HE IS THINKING OF OLGA AND THE BABY...AT HOME...WITH NO MILK.



...AND THE OLD ONE IS THINKING OF HIS STARVING WIDOW DAUGHTER WITH THE THREE UNDERNOURISHED CHILDREN.



...VANYA IS THINKING OF HER HUSBAND WAITING FOR THEM...WAITING FOR THE CHILD HE HAS NEVER EVEN SEEN.



...AND METZKA, TOO, WHEN HE TRIES TO THINK, SEES ONLY SONIA...HIS BRIDE-TO-BE...



BUT THE WOLVES ARE THINKING ONLY OF HOT BLOOD AND FRESH WARM MEAT, AND THEY HOWL AS THEY NEAR THE SLEIGH.



THE SNARLING, SNAPPING GREY-DEATHS LEAP UP AROUND THE SLEIGH! ONE OF THEM GASHES THE YOUNG OFFICER'S FACE...



THERE IS A WAY!  
THERE IS A WAY!

THE DRIVER'S FACE IS WHITE, HIS EYES WIDE WITH TERROR AS HE SCREAMS OUT HIS PLAN...



THE MEAT STOPPED THEM! ONE OF US COULD STOP THEM! IT'S ONLY A FEW MILES MORE! ONE OF US COULD SAVE THE OTHERS!

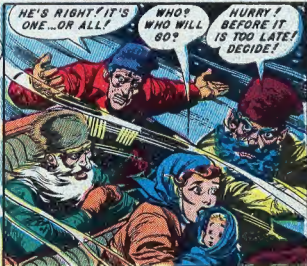
YOU'RE MAD, IVAN!

ONE OF THE WOLVES LANDS IN THE SLEIGH BUT A KICK SENDS HIM OFF! THE HORSE SHRIEKS IN PAIN...



IF THEY STOP THE HORSE, WE'LL ALL BE FINISHED! ONE OF US...A SACRIFICE...IS THE ONLY WAY!

NO!  
NO!



HE'S RIGHT! IT'S ONE...OR ALL!

WHO? WHO WILL GO?

HURRY! BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! DECIDE!

IT TAKES ONLY A SPLIT SECOND TO MAKE THE DECISION! THE PEOPLE IN THE SLEIGH, LIKE THE ANIMALS OUTSIDE, SPRING UPON THEIR VICTIM...LIFT THE FIGURE...AND TOSS IT TO THE HOWLING SHADOWS...



AND WHILE THE PACK RIPS AND TEARS AT THE SACRIFICED ONE, THE SLEIGH SPEEDS ON TOWARD THE TOWN...AND SAFETY...



HEH, HEH! YEP! THAT'S MY STORY, KIDDIES! THE REST GOT THROUGH ALL RIGHT BUT...HUH? WHO DID THEY TOSS OVERBOARD? WELL, I'LL TELL YOU! WHEN I GOT THERE, THERE WASN'T ENOUGH LEFT TO TELL WHO IT WAS! ER...WHO DO YOU THINK? HEH, HEH! YEP! YOU'RE RIGHT! WELL WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT, WITH MORE USH-TALES! 'BYE, NOW!







# "Scram! You SKINNY Scarecrow!"

the boys shouted at me  
ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO!

"I was a SKINNY, scared, girl-shy skeleton. Now I feel and look great. Pal, do as I did, right NOW! Mail the Coupon below.

**I gained 53 lbs.  
of MIGHTY MUSCLE**  
6½ inches on my CHEST; 3 inches on each ARM. You can do it in 10 minutes a day!"

*Roger D. Hirsch* —New York  
YOU CAN WIN  
THIS 15" TALL  
SILVER TROPHY  
AS THEY DID!



10 MINUTES  
OF FUN A  
DAY IS ALL  
YOU NEED!

ROGER  
HIRSCH  
was up  
112 lb., 6 ft.  
weakling  
LOOK AT HIM NOW!



"NOW, I am a NEW STRONG MAN. It's wonderful! I never dreamed I could live to have a big 49 inch CHEST!! powerful 17 inch ARMS!! a small 32 inch WAIST the big 17 inch difference between my chest and waist attracts everybody's admiration at the beach."

*Felipe Mendez*  
—CALIFORNIA

"They used to call me,  
'SKINNY, SKINNY'"

But look at me now  
—an All-American  
Jowett Champion"—says  
John Sill, Utah, who  
like millions, mailed  
me 10c and a coupon  
like the one below  
YOU MAIL NOW!



"This is The GREAT CHANGE You made in me in 90 DAYS! From a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY MAN. With ONE hand I can now lift overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds.

I can bend a 1½ inch IRON BAR around my neck. Jowett gives you muscle quality as well as quantity."

Yours,

*John Sill*  
ARKANSAS



John Jackson  
NOW!!!

John Jackson  
Only 90 DAYS ago!

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and TIRED as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN WERE OF BEING SKINNY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an All-Around, ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES**

**Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch . . . Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO . . .



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you  
"Champion  
of Champions"



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☐ Enclosed is \$10.95 in advance to save shipping charges. Ship Sprayer to me all postage charges prepaid.